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BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

A GILDED YOUTH

1898² 55297



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BOSTON

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A GILDED YOUTH

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

CHARLES TOWNSEND

*Author of "Rio Grande," "Spy of Gettysburg," "Finnigan's Fortune,"
"The Vagabonds," "The Mountain Waif," "The Doctor," Etc.*

AUTHOR'S EDITION

BOSTON

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1898

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A GILDED YOUTH.

CHARACTERS.

(As originally produced.)

17996
 SAMMY GILDER, *not such a fool as he looks*.....MR. TOWNSEND
 MOSES MARGIN, *an antique specimen of the Society of Dudes*,
 MR. WYCKOFF
 COL. CULPEPPER, *a fiery old fury*.....MR. BROWN
 AUNT SADIE, *his sister, 49 and hopeful*.....MISS CARLISLE
 SADIE, *the Colonel's ward*.....MISS OWEN
 PLACE.—Long Branch. TIME.—Midsummer.

Time of Playing, two hours and a quarter.



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COSTUMES.

SAM.—Outing suit throughout. Rather eccentric.

MOSES.—Plain black. Frock coat. Duplicate torn coat and smashed hat for second act.

COLONEL.—ACT I.—Dressing-gown. ACTS II. and III.—Modern summer dress.

AUNT SADIE.—ACT I.—House gown. ACT II.—Same. ACT III.—Street dress, changing to extravagant bridal costume—long veil, monstrous bouquet, fan, etc.

SADIE.—Pretty modern dress.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Book. Cigar. Pitcher. Snuffbox. Letter in envelope. Valise containing small hand mirror. Hat box for Aunt Sadie.

ACT. II.—Letter in envelope. Pen, ink, paper and envelopes on table.

ACT. III.—Powder box. Bell to strike. Three letters.

SCENERY.

ACT I.

Richly furnished sitting-room in 4th grooves. Carpet down, rugs, easy chairs, pictures, etc. Make this set as handsome as possible. Doors C. in flat and R. I E.

ACT II.

Plainly furnished room in 3d grooves. Furniture must be plain but not shabby. Small table with writing material R. front. Chairs R. and L.

ACT III.

Handsomely furnished rooms in 4th grooves. Table L. c. Chairs L. c. and up R. Doors C. in flat and L. I E. Use light but rich furniture for this scene, as it is supposed to take place in a summer cottage.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Time a midsummer afternoon. Long Branch. A romantic maiden. The Colonel gets news. Sam and Sadie. The pitcher of milk and the tale of a cat. Aunt Sadie's "nerves." Moses! A case of mix. Sam gains a promise. Trouble threatened. Trouble comes. A grand smash.

ACT II.—Five minutes later. Sam's letter. Law and love. Sadie's suggestions. The "Slugger." Sam on his muscle. Moses and the Colonel. More mistakes. "Settled out of court." The broken promise. Moses a wreck. "I want revenge." A joint-stock love letter. Sam's device. Aunt Sadie sees a chance at last. Sam reads the riot act. Comical climax.

ACT III.—An hour later. At the Colonel's. Aunt Sadie grows impatient. Moses more mystified. Sam talks politics with the usual result. The Colonel on the warpath. Sadie's scheme. "Back me up now." The storm approaches. A cyclone—of fun. Sam's triumph. "After the storm, a calm."

REMARKS ON THE PLAY.

In "A Gilded Youth" Mr Townsend has written an "all star" play, for every character in this bright and successful comedy is a star part. The author himself has starred both as *Sammy Gilder* and *Moses Margin*, and, despite the great difference in the two rôles, has scored a signal success in both. Nor is the part of *Col. Culpepper* of less importance than the others, for there are few comedy old men's rôles on the stage that equal it. The ladies have excellent rôles. *Aunt Sadie* stands to-day as one of the finest "old maid" characters ever written,—full of humor, action, and with an unbroken series of ludicrous situations. *Sadie* is an excellent soubrette rôle, and the play as a whole is the best farcical comedy that Mr. Townsend has yet written. Its success on the road has been unbroken, and with its simple scenery, fine parts and brisk action it is especially adapted for amateurs' use.

In producing the play the following suggestions by the author will be of the utmost service.

Sam.—Age twenty-one. Make up pale, smooth shorn, with closely brushed hair. Use very few gestures. Vocal inflections must also be limited, pitching the voice rather low than high, and speaking quietly at all times. Sam is a droll character, and the actor succeeds best in this rôle who carefully avoids exaggerations of any sort. Remember, especially, that *Sam* is *not* a "dude." He has a hesitating—occasionally

a drawling—way of speaking, but he has plenty of pluck, and will fight “to a finish” if necessary. He is not very quick to comprehend a point, and he is apt to think “in a circle.” The “Dundreary” business, which opens the second act, was introduced one night as a lark, and it went so well that I have retained it with due credit to that genial gentleman—the elder Sothern—whose “Sain” letters were the delight of his generation. Speak the lines throughout with a slight “burr” or lisp, but be cautious about overdoing it; and never for a moment allow your speech to drift into that of the affected stage dude.

Moses.—Age sixty-five. This is a most deliciously amusing character if an air of unconscious egotism is retained at all times. *Moses* fondly imagines that he is still “young and charming,” and that his winning ways are simply captivating to women. He is a type of the successful business man whose knowledge of woman is *nil*. Egotism is his most striking characteristic, and an air of self-satisfaction should constantly be preserved. He is rather affected and pompous in speech and dignified in movement. Make up with a half-bald wig, line the face, touch the lower eyelids with light brown and apply plenty of rouge.

Col. Culpepper.—Age sixty. A noisy, blustering, tempestuous old fellow is this—a rôle that gives great opportunities for effective work. Always ready for a row, quick to pick a quarrel, but generous and good-hearted withal. Some very fine actors have appeared in this rôle, and in good hands it never fails to make a hit. Bring his lines out with a jerk. Put plenty of vim into his work, pitch the voice high and throw the words out like a rifle crack. Make up the face with tan grease paint, line rather heavily and powder the hair.

Aunt Sadie, “forty-nine and hopeful,” is a prime favorite with actresses capable of playing character parts. Her quick changes from raging anger to simpering simplicity, her wide extremes of hope and fear, the game of cross purposes in which she is constantly involved, give her unlimited opportunities for effective work. There is little fear of overacting this part. Therefore, put all the life and spirit of which you are capable into it. Don’t be afraid to line the face, and above all things don’t, don’t, and again *don’t*, try to look pretty in this rôle. The face should be made up as homely as possible. Extend the lines of the mouth with rouge, shade the sides of the nose and the lower eyelids, line the forehead—not too heavily, and apply rouge freely in the wrong places—such as low down on the cheeks, across the forehead and on the nose. Study the lines well and follow the varying emotions as depicted therein.

Sadie.—Age eighteen. A type of the hoyden, up to any kind of mischief and in for anything “awful.” *Sadie* is a soubrette rôle, and should be played with unflinching dash and spirits. She is keen, bright,

quick-witted, and thinks a great deal faster than *Sam* can do. Therefore in her scenes with him she must be in a hurry as if trying to think for both. In doing this carefully avoid assuming a dictatorial manner, as that would rob the part of its greatest charm—that of bright, breezy girlhood.

Rehearse.

And rehearse.

Then rehearse some more.



A GILDED YOUTH.

ACT I.

Scene.—*Sitting-room in fourth grooves. Doors R. I E., and C. D., in flat.*

Discover SADIE seated on table L. with book.

Sad. (*reads*). “And the lovely maiden flung herself into the noble duke’s arms, and said: ‘I am thine, I am thine forever!’” Now isn’t that just too perfectly awfully splendid! I do *so* love a story that’s all full of love and hate and wicked old fathers and mothers and villains and things. My! How I wish some villain with great, big black eyes, and a bea—u—tiful mustache would come and carry *me* off! Um-m! (*Reads*). “And gnashing his teeth with impotent rage, the wicked, wicked villain seized the beauteous maiden by her flowing hair, and in a voice ter-em-bling with emotion, said. (*Sees the COL. who has entered, R. I E.*) Oh, ginger! [*Jumps down.*]

Col. Yes! Nice stuff to be reading, that is.

Sad. Y—yes, sir.

Col. No, it isn’t! It’s slush, only fit for idiots to write and fools to read. Speaking of fools, has Sam been here to-day?

Sad. I don’t know any fool named Sam.

Col. Yes, you do. Sam Gilder’s a fool—all wool and a yard wide. He’s been hanging around you long enough. If he comes, tell him I want to see him. Understand? See?

[*Exit, R. I E.*]

Sad. Yes, I see. You mean old thing. If he wasn’t my guardian, I’d tell him what I think of him. To call my Sammy a fool!

Sam. (*off C.*). Yas, all right. I’ll come right down.

Sad. (*joyfully*). Oh! There’s Sammy now.

[*Music.* SAM appears at C., smoking cigar.

Sam. Say, Sadie—

Sad. Oh, Sammy, is that you?

Sam. Yas. Is old Beelzebub around?

Sad. No. Come in.

[*Down, R.*

Sam. All right.

[*Looks about.*

Sad. What are you looking for?

Sam. I want to get rid of this cigar. I won it on a bet, and it isn't very good. [*Throws it into pitcher.*

Sad. Oh, Sammy Gilder! You've thrown it into the Colonel's pitcher of milk.

Sam. All right. Don't tell the cow.

Sad. But he'll find it out.

Sam. That's what the cat did.

Sad. What cat?

Sam. Why, when I was a boy—you—you know I *was* a boy once—our cat got his head into a pitcher of cream and couldn't get it out. So, my brother cut off his head—the—the *cat's* head—to save the pitcher. Then he had to smash the pitcher to get the head out.

Sad. Oh!

Sam. Yas. Say, I'm not going to stand any more abuse from his royal jags.

Sad. Jags! What do you mean?

Sam. I mean your beast of a guardian. He had the c-cursed impudence to call me a dude last week, and threatened to kick me. So, I've sent for a professional prize-fighter to give me some lessons in the manly art, and if that wretch tries to bulldoze me again, I'll knock his d—d—damn head off.

Col. (*off R. I E.*). Get out, confound you!

Sad. There—he's having a row with somebody.

Sam. Is—is he coming here?

Sad. I guess so. Stand your ground.

Sam. All right.

Col. (*outside*). Shut up, blast you!

Sam. Sadie—I—I'm going to give you an imitation.

Sad. Of what?

Sam. An imitation of a gentleman walking out of a room.

[**Exit, C.**

Sad. Come back here, Sam.

[*Follows him off. They re-enter a moment later, keeping up byplay.*

Enter COL., R. I E., as SADIE exit.

Col. (*to C., front. Shakes fist, R.*). Can't find it, eh? can't find it! Stupid, foolish fools! I'd like to wring your necks!

[*Goes L.*

Sad. (*down R.*). Ha! ha! ha!

Col. What are you laughing at, you young barbarian—hey? See anything funny about me—hey? Where's my hat-box—where's my hat-box?

Sad. What do you want of it?

Col. Want of it? I want to rig it up as a family mansion—that's what. (*Sees SAM.*) Well—what are you doing here?

Sam. Me? I'm just taking in the bear dance.

Col. Bear! Who's a bear?

Sam. If you look in the mirror, you'll see him.

Col. What do you mean, eh?

Sad. Be careful, Sam.

Col. Young man, see here. I've had my eye on you for a long time, sir—a long time.

Sam. Is that so—which one?

Col. No impertinence, sir. I know your little game, but it won't work, sir, for I'm up to snuff. (*Takes snuff.*) And I—*achoo!*—I tell you—*achee!* Who the devil's been putting—*achow!*—putting cayenne pepper in my snuff? *Achee!* You villain! Get out! *Achoo, achoo!* (*SAM has been pushed to C. D. by SADIE; he kisses her and exits.*) Get out or I'll break every bone in your body. [*Turns and rushes up.*]

Sad. (*turns*). Eh?

Col. This is some of your doings.

Sad. Mine?

Col. Yes, yours. You're always up to some deviltry. If there's a bigger fool on earth than myself, I'd like to buy him. (*Comes down, L., takes pitcher.*) The idea of taking the guardianship of a tomboy like you, and—(*Looks in pitcher*) what's this! A cigar in my milk?

Sad. Did you expect a whole box?

Col. Shut up! (*Takes letter from table.*) Well, well!

Sad. Is he quite well?

Col. Humph! (*Glances at her.*) Know who it's from?

Sad. Of course not.

Col. Well, it's from Moses Margin, a New York banker. I shall get you off my hands at last. Now listen, my dear. (*Reads.*) "Sir: Acting on the hint dropped in a recent letter, I have the honor of asking for the hand of your ward. As you and I have never met, I will call on you to-morrow at two P.M. sharp to arrange details. Yours truly, Moses Margin." There you are. There's the man for you, Sadie. Not a gilded youth like your Sammy, but a sober business man. A banker. Just think of it!

Sad. (*crosses*). I won't think of it.

Col. Oh, yes, you will. He's worth a dozen Guilders. (*Looks at watch.*) Bless me, he'll soon be here. You're a lucky girl, Sadie. At two o'clock sharp, remember. Kee!

[Exit, R. I E.]

Sad. What *shall* I do? Marry a man I never saw, and never want to see? Never! I'll die first.

Enter SAM, C.

Sam. Dye what ?

Sad. Die ? Die dead.

Sam. That's just like a woman—always wanting to do something.

Sad. Say, Sam, the Colonel says I can never, never, never marry you, and that I must marry a horrible old banker who is coming here at two.

Sam. That's *too* bad. Who is he ?

Sad. (*cries*). Mum—Mum—Moses Margin.

Sam. Don't cry, my dear. Moses was a prophet, but there will be no margin of profit for old Margin if we get our wits to work.

Sad. Drop your horrid puns then, for he will soon be here. Besides, I expect the actor who is to coach our dramatic club to arrive at any moment. The Colonel will have a fit if he sees him—and oh dear—did *anybody* ever have so much trouble ?

Sam. 'Sh ! Here comes old Pepperbox.

Enter COLONEL, 'R. I E.

Col. (*aside*). Here's that cheeky young rascal again. (*Aloud.*) Young man, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but you must keep away from my ward. I object, she *must* object, and her future husband *will* object to your being here.

Sam. Her future husband ?

Col. Exactly. She will soon become the bride of a man of wealth, steady habits, excellent morals—

Sam. Don't, sir—please, don't. You make me blush.

Col. The devil I do ! Do you suppose I mean you, sir ? No, sir. I refer to Moses Margin, the New York banker, who will be here at two.

Sam. He may get left.

Col. No, sir. Such men never get left.

Sad. He might miss the train.

Col. Then he'd come by telegraph !

Sam. But supposing he should fail ?

Col. No danger of that. He's worth a round million.

Sam. A round million. Then I'll bet he isn't square.

Sad. Sam means if he fails to keep his appointment.

Col. Nonsense ! When Moses Margin says he will be here at two he *means* two. I am so sure of it that if he is even ten minutes late I give you permission—

Sad. (*eagerly*). To marry Sam ?

Col. Yes, Sam, or Beelzebub.

[*Starts, R.*

Sam. (*to SADIE*). Beelzebub who ?

Sad. Hush !

Col. But don't build any false hopes on that promise, for Moses Margin will be here at two o'clock sharp, and don't you forget it. [Exit R. I E.]

Sam. (*goes up C.*). So far so good. Good-bye.

Sad. Where are you going?

Sam. I'm going—to prevent old Margin from *coming*.

Sad. Do nothing desperate, Sam.

Sam. Of course not. I'll just quietly dump him off the dock. [Exit, C.]

Sad. (*up C.*). Isn't he splendid! Now I must prepare for the actor who is to coach our dramatic club. (*Runs and looks off R. I E.*) The Colonel isn't there—I believe I'll just run over that song. [Specialties and exit, L. I. E.]

Enter COLONEL R. I E., looking at watch.

Col. Half-past one. Hum. The banker will soon be here, and then the trouble will begin. Young Gilder isn't half the fool that he pretends to be, and if he had any money I wouldn't object to him. Now, there's my sister—if I could marry her off to some unfortunate devil, my trouble would be over.

Aunt S. (*off R. C.*). Colonel, Colonel, where are you?

Col. There she is. Speak of an angel.

Enter AUNT SADIE, C.

Aunt S. Colonel—Colonel, where is my maid! I want to go out for an airing. You know I am *so* fragile and so very, *very* weak, and I am so easily excited, for my nerves are all shattered, and the close air of this hotel is so——

Col. Good heavens! Let up! let up, and I'll buy you a gallon of the freshest air in Long Branch!

Aunt S. Brother!

Col. Sister!

Aunt S. You are trying to pick another quarrel with me—to make me lose my temper.

Col. Lose it—lose it? What a pity you couldn't, and never find it again.

Aunt S. Now you are flying at me like a savage, and you'll drive me into a fit of hys—hysterics.

Col. Hys—hys grandmother! What a fool an old fool is, especially when she's a she.

Aunt S. I'm sure I'm going to faint—ah—ah—ah——

Col. Ah, ah, ah! Then faint. (*Goes R.*) Faint if you want to, and I'll soak your head in a pint of water. Bah!

[Exit, R. I E.]

Aunt S. Oh the w-w-wretch! I know what I'll do. I'll go right up to my room, and go to bed and have a fit, so there now!

[Exit, R. I E.]

Enter MOSES, C. D.

Moses. Well, well, well. So here I am at last, on matrimonial thoughts intent. I flatter myself that I shall make a very impressive impression, and without doubt the charming Sadie will fly to my waiting arms, like the little bird to its downy nest. A beautiful thought—beautiful. I must retain that for future use. Wonder how I look? Yes, yes; all right, all right. (*Sits.*) And now to calm my mind and recall the little poem with which I shall greet her.

Oh, fairest of the rural maids,
Thy home is in the forest glades;
 The wild wind whispers *at* thy side,
 Oh, *say*, wilt thou become me bride.

If *that* doesn't touch her heart it must be made of stone.

Enter SADIE, C.

Sad. Oh, dear, I knew it would be just so. Aunt Sadie's row with the Colonel has brought on a fit of hysterics, and they've sent for the doctor. (*Sees MOSES.*) Ah, he's got here already. Ahem!

Moses. 'Tis she! (*Rises.*) "Oh, fairest of the rural maids, *Thy* home is in the forest glades. The wild wind whispers *at* thy side, oh, say——"

Sad. Yes, sir, I suppose you have received a message about a lady?

Moses. Hum! This isn't Sadie after all. Certainly, young lady, certainly.

Sad. Well, I'm glad you've come, for the poor thing has been suffering ter-re-mendously.

Moses. Indeed? (*Aside.*) She must be in love with me already.

Sad. She's been suffering awfully awful, and calling for you every blessed minute.

Moses. Well, well! (*Aside.*) What an easy conquest.

Sad. She thinks her heart is affected. But between you and me, when she gets her dander up, she's a regular holy terror.

Moses (*aside*). The deuce she is!

Sad. I suppose you'd like to see her.

Moses. Certainly, certainly, for I should like to begin operations at once.

Sad. Operations? My goodness! You don't mean to cut her up?

Moses (*puzzled*). Cut her up? Oh, I see—a mere figure of speech. (*Aloud.*) Why, certainly not, you don't suppose I would go that far?

Sad. Well, I don't know. You look capable of anything, sir.

Moses. Thank you. Where shall I find her?

Sad. Right upstairs in bed.

Moses. What!

Sad. Why, where did you expect to find poor Aunt Sadie with the hypos?

Moses. Confound her hypos! I know nothing about her.

Sad. You don't! Aren't you the doctor?

Moses. No, I'm not! The idea!

[Crosses.

Sad. (*aside*). Oh, I see—it's the actor! He looks just like a great tragedian. Then, sir, I suppose you must be the professor.

Moses. The professor? Um—yes, I have been called that.

Sad. I knew it. And now are you ready to begin?

Moses. Begin?

Sad. To coach her—for her part in the Honeymoon.

Moses. I see. Certainly—I am ready to begin at any moment.

Sad. Very well. Now, what rôle will you take?

Moses. Rôle, rôle? Yes, yes—I see—why, the husband—the lover, you know.

Sad. Yes—but—ha! ha! ha! Excuse my laughing, but really you would look ridiculous in such a part.

Moses. Ridiculous?

Sad. Aren't you a little too old for it?

Moses. Old? Excuse me, but I'm right in my prime. (*Dances.*) I can act the lover to perfection.

Sad. I suppose you can fix up for it. No doubt you have acted similar rôles thousands of times?

Moses. Eh?

Sad. And played the lover to thousands of blushing beauties.

Moses. Excuse me—I'm no lady-killer, if you please.

Sad. I meant on the stage of course.

Moses. The stage? I never was on the stage.

Sad. I'm sure Colonel Culpepper said you were a great actor.

Moses. Then he's a blundering fool. / Moses Margin an actor!

Sad. (*aside*). Moses Margin! Good gracious!

Moses. An actor! An actor! That's an insult! I'll not endure it.

[Crosses.

Sad. But, my dear sir—

Moses. An actor! The stupid old fool!

Sad. What'll I do? I'll send him up to Sam—he'll get rid of him.

Moses. To call *me* an actor!

Sad. I'll tell you what. Go to private parlor, two hundred

and one, fourth floor, where you will meet a young gentleman named Gilder, who will confer with you.

Moses. An excellent idea. I'll go at once. (*Up, C.*) Private parlor, two hundred and one.

Sad. Two hundred and one.

Moses. Fourth floor?

Sad. Fourth floor. Now hurry.

Moses. I'll fly. Private parlor, two hundred and one.

[*Exit, C.*]

Sad. Well, if he calls that flying!

Enter COL., R. I E.

Col. It's almost two o'clock. The banker will soon be here, and the delightful preliminaries will all be settled. (*Sees SADIE.*) So you, too, are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the happy man. That's right—that's right. You sly little puss.

Sad. (*aside.*) What if he returns? Oh, I'm on nettles!

Col. Curb your impatience, my dear. Ah, I hear footsteps. Moses Margin for a million.

Enter SAM, C.

Sam. A million! I'll take her for half.

Col. Oh, the impudence of that rascal!

Sad. Did you see him?

Sam. Who?

Sad. 'Sh! [*Points at COLONEL; looks at SAM.*]

Sam. 'Sh? [*Points at COLONEL; looks at SADIE.*]

Col. 'Sh! What do you mean by 'sh?

Sam (*to SADIE*). What do you mean by 'sh?

Col. Young man I—I—I—*get out!*

Sad. Go to your room quick.

Sam. But I don't t-tumble.

Col. Well, you will tumble, for by jingo, sir, I—I—I—

[*Throwing off coat.*]

Sam. You—you—you—

Col. Now you'll tumble!

[*Enter AUNT SADIE, C. She has hat box which COLONEL kicks out of her hands.*]

QUICK CURTAIN.

(*For second curtain SAM supports AUNT at C., offers pitcher.*)

ACT II.

Scene.—*Plainly furnished room in third grooves. Door C., R. U. E. and R. I E. Table and writing material R. front.*

Enter SAM, C. D. at rise.

Sam. Now I wonder why Sadie wanted me to come to my room. There's some deviltry afoot, but what it is I can't imagine. One thing is sure. Old Moses hasn't arrived yet, so I w-won't have to dump him off the dock. (*Sees letter.*) Hello! I wonder who wrote me this letter. I suppose the best way to find out will be to open it and see. I can't make anything of this. It's written upside down. Wonder if he thinks I'm going to stand on my head to read it! Oh, I see—I was holding it upside down. That reminds me of a proverb I heard yesterday, if I haven't forgotten it. It's a funny thing about me, but anything that I forget, I never can remember. What was it now? Oh, yes—the early bird knows its own father. That isn't it. A rolling stone catches the worm. No. It's a rhyme. Fish of a feather—no fish don't have feathers. Birds of a feather—that's it—birds of a feather flock together. Whoever saw a lot of birds with only one feather? They'd catch cold unless they wore overcoats. Of course, they'd flock together. No bird would be fool enough to go into a corner and flock all alone by itself. (*Reads.*) "Sir! Your laundry bill must be paid. It now amounts to \$11, even." That's odd. I didn't suppose that that shirt of mine had been washed so often. "And as you don't seem inclined to settle, I have placed the account in the hands of the law." Here *is* a case. What the deuce am I to do now? I have it. I'll consult a lawyer and get the suit postponed.

Enter MOSES, C.

Moses. Good-afternoon, sir. Is this Mr. Gilder?

Sam. Yes. What can I do for you?

Moses. Well, I called to see you regarding this suit.

Sam. Take a seat. I'm in luck. Caught a lawyer the first crack.

Moses. You must excuse my calling so abruptly, Mr. Gilder, but this suit, you know, requires immediate attention.

Sam. Oh, I dare say.

Moses. Well, then, what suggestions have you to offer?

Sam. I suppose she means business, so we must be very fly, or she'll come down on us like a thousand of brick. (**MOSES**

straightens up, surprised.) I suppose your first move will be to enter an appearance and then plead your case.

Moses. Yes, I suppose so.

Sam. And if an exception is taken, you will appeal.

Moses (*puzzled*). Appeal?

Sam. But if there is *no* exception, you will proceed to join.

Moses (*aside*). To join? Oh he means the marriage ceremony. Certainly, my dear sir.

Sam. Having joined, the *issue* will follow as a matter of course.

Moses. (*aside*). The issue? A-h-hem! Yes, I expect so.

Sam. But perhaps the best plan would be to stave her off.

Moses. Stave her off?

Sam. Yes. Tell her it's no go—that we won't have it.

Moses. Won't have what, sir?

Sam. Why, the suit of course.

Moses. But confound it, we *will* have it. That's what I'm here for.

Sam. All right, but I give her fair warning that she can't pull my leg just now.

Moses. Pull your leg, sir?

Sam. Yes, sir, pull my leg, sir.

Moses. What are you talking about?

Sam. What am I talking about! About my laundry bill.

Moses. And who the deuce do you take me for, sir?

Sam. I took you for a lawyer of course.

Moses. Took me for a lawyer! (*Up, C.*) Took me for the devil.

[*Exit, C.*

Sam (*up*). Oh, no—only for one of the family. I wonder who that fellow is? He isn't the fellow I thought he was, because he's some other fellow. (*Enter SADIE, L. I E.*) Hello, Sadie.

Sad. Hello yourself.

Sam. Have you seen him?

Sad. What him?

Sam. The slugger.

Sad. What's a slugger?

Sam. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it. (*They sit.*) Now you know, of course, that you want to marry me—

Sad. Eh?

Sam. I mean that I'm dying to marry you.

Sad. Oh, Sammy!

Sam. Yes—for I think a great deal more of you than I do of any other fellow.

Sad. Samuel Gilder! I'm no fellow!

[*Crosses.*

Sam. Eh? Oh, of course not. I mean if you *were* a fellow. I *would* think more of you than I would of any other fellow, who was a fellow. But of course as you are *not* a fellow I *couldn't*

think more of you than I would of some fellow who *was* a fellow. See?

Sad. Have you any idea what you're talking about?

Sam. I don't know—oh, yes, I do too. That reminds me. Does your brother like pie?

Sad. You know I haven't any brother.

Sam. Yes, But—supposing you *had* a brother *would* he like pie?

Sad. What nonsense! You talk like a school-boy.

Sam. Oh, no, I don't. Say, I went to a school the other day.

Sad. Learn anything?

Sam. No—I never learned anything when I went to school. But I saw something.

Sad. What was it?

Sam. A great big boy speak a little piece?

Sad. What piece?

Sam. "Mary had a little lamb."

Sad. Oh, Sam, speak it for me.

Sam. Nonsense. You'd laugh at me.

Sad. Honest, I won't.

Sam. And you won't tell anybody?

Sad. Honest and true—cross my heart and hope to die three times.

Sam. But that boy wore a pinafore.

Sad. Take this. (*Puts apron on SAM.*)

Sam. Now don't look at me.

Sad. All right. (*SAM recites; specialty.*) Oh, some one is coming! [*Runs off, C.*]

Sam. Hold on! Come back here and undress me!

Enter MOSES, C. SAM goes, R.

Moses. Whew! That young woman must be practising for a football match. Wonder how I look? (*Looks in hand-mirror.*)

Sam. How the devil does this thing come off?

Moses. I declare I look quite heated. It's lively work hunting up Colonel Culpepper.

Sam. Now I know who that fellow is. It's the prize-fighter. I wrote him to come dressed quietly in black.

Moses. There's the young man who mistook me for a lawyer.

Sam. You'll excuse the blunder I made, my good man. I suppose you got the letter all right.

Moses. Yes, sir, I got the letter. (*Aside.*) What does he know about it?

Sam. (*aside*). He looks like a tough nut. (*Aloud.*) Well, I'm glad to see you.

Moses. Are you! Well, you've seen me—haven't you?

Sam. (*looks*). Oh yes.

Moses. Are you satisfied with my appearance?

Sam. Oh, I suppose so. He seems rather sassy.

Moses. Then get out.

Sam. What's that?

Moses. Get out!

Sam. He's got nerve! Ordering me out of my own room!

Moses. Have you seen anything of the Colonel?

Sam. The Colonel? Are you going to have a racket with him?

Moses. A racket? Oh, he means the marriage settlement.

Sam. I suppose you get in some pretty good licks now and then.

Moses. Oh, yes, indeed.

Sam. May I ask what is your favorite style?

Moses. Style?

Sam. Yes—do you prefer reaching for the mug or the bread basket?

Moses (*aside*). Mug? Bread-basket?

Sam. You have been in the ring many times no doubt?

Moses. (*aside*). Ring? A financial term. Oh, yes, and for big money too.

Sam. And some of your battles have been very hot?

Moses. Hot? Yes, indeed. My Wabash fight with Gould was a corker.

Sam. A fight with Gould at Wabash! I don't remember reading anything about that.

Moses. And my Lake Shore fight was another warm one.

Sam. A fight on the shore of a lake! (*Pause.*) Say—where did you say that fight took place?

Moses. In New York City, of course.

Sam. But there isn't any lake in New York.

Moses. Who said anything about a lake?

Sam. I'm sure you said you fought on the shore of a lake. However, we may as well get down to business. Have you brought the mittens?

Moses. Mittens?

Sam. Of course.

Moses. What do I want of mittens in mid-summer?

Sam. Yes—I should have said gloves.

Moses. I brought gloves. (*Shows them.*) Don't you see them?

Sam. Yes—but those are not exactly boxing gloves?

Moses. Boxing gloves? What do I want of boxing gloves?

Sam. Say—aren't you Prof. Muggins, the ex-champion prize-fighter?

Moses. Prize-fighter! (*Rises.*) 'You addle-pated dude!

Sam. Now I'm beginning to get mad. I can always tell when I am getting mad, by the way I feel.

Moses. Prize-fighter, eh? Well, I'll give you a lesson in prize-fighting you won't forget in a hurry.

Sam. Don't get excited. You may have a fit.

Moses. I'll *fit* you!

[*Strikes, whirls around, is caught by SAM.*

Sam. That was a mis-fit. [*Runs him out, C.*

Enter COLONEL, R. I E.

Col. Hello! (*Looks off, C.*) What's all that row about! It's downright disgraceful. I never lose *my* temper—never indeed—though the non-arrival of Moses Margin has ruffled it. (*Down, R.*) What could have detained him?

Enter SAM, C.

Sam. I've put that fellow outside to cool off. Come in, Sadie.

Enter SADIE, C.

Sad. Here he is now.

Sam. Good afternoon, sir.

Col. Here's that confounded bundle of cheek again. Young man—I—I——

Sam. Don't apologize, my dear sir—please don't. You're perfectly welcome. Glad you called on me, you know. Saved me the trouble. Want to settle up?

Col. Settle up?

Sam. Yes, settle up. For Sadie and I want to settle down.

Col. Oh, you do!

Sam. You know you said that if Moses Margin was even ten minutes late, Sadie could marry me.

Sad. You must keep your word, you know.

Sam. Certainly he must keep his word if ever he expects to give it to anybody else.

Col. And supposing I refuse?

Sam. Then I'll s-sue for damages.

Sad. Ha, ha, ha! How do you like it?

Col. Great Scott! I'm fairly caught! All right. You seem to be a rather smart fellow.

Sam. Oh, yes—I'm full of ginger.

Col. And you certainly have a long head.

Sam. Thank you. I'm ahead of my rival anyhow. He may be the coming suitor—but I am going—to suit her better.

Col. Um! I'm told there's a clergyman staying here, so send him up to me and I'll complete arrangements.

Sad. We'll *not* waste a moment.

Sam. Not until the knot is tied, you bet.

[**Exit with SADIE, C.**

Col. There's one trouble off my hands. I certainly would have preferred a sober business man like Moses Margin as a husband for my ward. But as he has failed to keep his appointment he has only himself to blame. (*Song introduced, if desired*). Bless me, though, I can't imagine what detained him. I'll take a turn and think it over.

[**Exit, R. I E.**

Enter MOSES, C.

Moses. Wonder if that young thrashing machine has gone? He pitched me out like a confounded bundle of hay. Wonder *how* I look? (*Bus. with mirror.*) Dear me, I'm all disarranged.

Enter COL., R. I E.

Col. A man in black. Um—they've lost no time in getting the clergyman. Good afternoon, sir.

Moses. Ah, good afternoon. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?

Col. My name is Culpepper, sir, Culpepper.

Moses. Indeed? I'm glad to meet you.

Col. Thank you. Please be seated. (*Both sit.*) Your mission is one in which I am not very well posted, but of course *you* understand it fully.

Moses. I certainly have an idea regarding it.

Col. Then you approve of this sudden marriage?

Moses. Certainly, my dear sir—with all my heart.

Col. I'm glad of that. Between ourselves I really think her choice a good one, so I gave my consent. Think I did right?

Moses. Perfectly right, my dear sir—perfectly right.

Col. It is true there was another suitor.

Moses. Indeed?

Col. Yes. But as he was old enough to be her father, she vowed she'd never marry him.

Moses (*aside*). The dear little angel!

Col. Therefore I decided to give the old boy the sack.

Moses. You acted nobly sir, nobly. What a nerve the old idiot must have to think of marrying a young girl.

Col. Well, now, I rely on your experience, sir, for no doubt it is many years since you entered your profession.

Moses. You're right, sir. I've been hustling for many a year.

Col. Eh? Hustling? Isn't that an odd expression?

Moses. Possibly; but when a man is caught in a slump, with a tumbling market, he has to hustle.

Col. (*aside*). Slump? Tumbling market?

Moses. You know we have to take things as we find them.

Col. Yes, and I suppose you have had a varied experience with love-affairs. Very likely you've married hundreds of women.

Moses. Married hundreds?

Col. And buried scores of people, I dare say.

Moses (*aside*). What does the old fool mean?

Col. And had dozens of children to bap——

Moses (*quickly*). Look here, sir! I never married anybody!

Col. No?

Moses. No! Nor ever buried anybody, and hang it, I never had a child, sir.

Col. (*rises*). I didn't say you had, sir.

Moses. Yes, you did, sir!

Col. You're a liar! I said to baptize.

Moses. You don't know what you did say.

Col. Don't I, though!

Moses. No, you don't—you chuckle-headed old fool!

Col. I'd rather be a chuckle-headed fool than a sanctimonious hypocrite.

Moses. Hypocrite? What in tophet do you mean, sir?

Col. You disgrace your calling. Nice language that, for a preacher!

Moses. A preacher! My, what next!

Col. But I'll not endure it. I'll publish you in your true character, sir.

Moses. Publish *me*, sir!

Col. That I will. Get out now—get out, or I'll kick you downstairs!

Moses. Kick me downstairs? Not until I have punched your rascally old head!

Col. Punch my head, eh? (*Burlesque fight. The COL. runs MOSES out, C. D.*) There! I've made an example of him. The clergyman's valise! (*Flings it out.*) The wretched old—the clergyman's hat! (*Throws it out.*) The smooth-tongued old scoundrel! I—I—I know what I'll do! I'll kick him again! (*Rushes up.*) Come back here, you villain!

Enter SADIE, C.

Col. Oh, it's you, eh?

Sad. Why, what's the matter with you?

Col. With *me*! Oh, nothing's the matter with *me*.

Sad. Did you see the clergyman?

Col. Did I? Well, I am under the impression that I did!

Sad. And did you settle—

Col. Settle? Oh yes!

Sad. Surely you had no trouble?

Col. Oh no. It was just as easy!

Sad. Then you made arrangements?

Col. No! Ain't going to. I've changed my mind. You sha'n't marry young Gilder. I'll wait for Moses Margin if I wait till doomsday!

Sad. Oh, Colonel!

Col. Yes, sir. I'll send young Gilder a note putting an end to this. And you, young woman, shall marry Moses Margin, unless he writes that he won't have you.

Sad. You cannot be so cruel.

Col. (*writing*). Can't I, though!

Sad. You'll b-b-break my heart.

Col. Let 'er break.

Sad. I'll have hysterics!

Col. I don't care.

Sad. I'll commit su-su-suicide.

Col. Then commit su-su-suicide! But before you do it, just deliver this note.

Sad. I won't.

Col. You won't? All right. (*Goes up.*) All right. Then I'll take it myself. **[Exit, C.]**

Sad. (*straightens up. Looks around*). If he'll only fall downstairs and break his neck or something! There ought to be a law against guardians, especially for girls.

Enter SAM, C., reading note.

Sad. Oh, Sam—did you see the Colonel?

Sam. I did. I was just going down to order a lot of furniture—baby carriage and things—when I met the jolly old duffer in the hall. He jammed this note in my hand and rushed downstairs four at a jump.

Sad. What does he say?

Sam. Listen. "Sir: This is to notify you that my ward shall never marry a fortune-hunter like you." The idea of calling me a fortune-hunter with all the money I've got—to get.

Sad. Go on.

Sam. "Fortune-hunter like you. Therefore keep out of my sight or I shall take the law into my own hands and punch your rascally head." What do you think of it?

Sad. It's dreadful. And he says I must marry that horrid old banker unless he writes that he won't have me.

Sam. Unless old Margin writes he won't have you?

Sad. Ah, ha!

Sam. By Jove, I have it! I—I'll make him do it.

Sad. Can you, really?

Sam. Can I? Well, I should say so. (*Up C.*) Here he comes now. Take a sneak. Clear out.

Sad. All right.

[*Exit, L. I E.*

Sam. I wonder what's the matter with him? He looks bad. Jerusalem, what a mug!

[*Goes, R.*

Enter MOSES, C.

Moses. I wonder how I look? [*Looks at mirror.*

Sam. I'll bet he's been giving somebody a lesson in boxing.

Moses. Look here, sir, I've been punched, banged, thumped and rolled downstairs. But I won't endure it, sir. I won't endure it.

Sam. Calm yourself, my dear sir—calm yourself. What caused the row?

Moses. My name is Moses Margin.

Sam. The deuce it is!

Moses. I came here to marry old Culpepper's ward, and while we were talking about it the old fool jumped up and accused me of preaching.

Sam. That was awful!

Moses. Not only that, but he accused me of having hundreds of wives and dozens of children.

Sam. And then what?

Moses. And then he kicked me downstairs!

Sam. That was very wrong. But here's a note from him. That may explain it.

Moses. Thanks. An apology, no doubt. (*Business.*) What's this? Fortune-hunter? And punch my head? Oh, this is too much! Let me get at him.

Sam. That's all right. But if you'll wait a minute, I'll tell you a better plan for revenge.

Moses. You will?

Sam. Fact. Now you know, the girl is determined to marry you. How could she gaze on your classic features and do otherwise?

Moses (*pleased*). Yes?

Sam. Fact. Then, why not drop her a line arranging a time and place for the wedding, and marry her before old Culpepper finds it out? Then see what a glorious revenge you'd have on the old noodle.

Moses. An excellent idea. I'll write her at once.

Sam. At the same time you better send old Culpepper a note telling him to go to thunder—that you never intended to marry the girl.

Moses. But I *do* intend to marry her.

Sam. Exactly—but that will be a blind to cover your real intention—don't you see?

Moses. Capital, capital! You've a wise head on your young shoulders. I'll write him at once. [*Sits.*]

Sam. Make it strong—stronger than Limburger cheese.

Moses. Oh, won't I! [*Writes.*]

Sam. (*aside*). How easily he bites.

Moses. He won't forget this day. (*Writes.*) There! How's this? (*Reads.*) "Sir: This is to inform you that you are a thundering fool and a stupid old jackass. You can go to blazes, for I'll never marry your ward. Moses Margin."

Sam. That's fine. Now give it to me and I'll see that he gets it.

Moses. Thank you. But now, about the other. I never wrote a love letter in all my life. Would you mind helping me out?

Sam. Certainly not. Go ahead—I'll feed it to you.

Moses. All ready.

Sam. "Sweetest, lovey dovey Sadie." How's that for a header?

Moses. That's excellent.

Sam. "The bounding billows of my enraptured heart all flow to thee. My love for thee is like a blazing, blazing volcano. If you will quench the raging fire and become my popsy wopsy wife, meet me——"

Moses. Whereabouts?

Sam. At Culpepper's cottage——

Moses. Oh, no. [*Throws down pen.*]

Sam. Oh, yes. He'll be at the hotel.

Moses. All right, then. (*Writes.*) "At Culpepper's cottage."

Sam. At six o'clock—where you will find a gushing heart ready to gush—no, I don't mean that—ready to marry you. Now sign your name.

Moses. "Moses Margin."

Sam. Shall I deliver that also?

Moses. If you please.

Sam. All right. Now before you go hadn't you better get a room and freshen up a bit! You'll excuse me for saying it, but you do look tough.

Moses. No doubt of it; oh, that old villain! (*Up C.*) Young man, I am ever and ever so much obliged to you. [*Exit, C.*]

Sam. Don't mention it. I may be a fool, but I guess I've fooled him. Let me see—I'll send this letter to the Colonel. It assures my marriage to Sadie. And this: "To the lovely Sadie." Shall I give it to her?

Aunt S. (*off, R.*). Colonel, Colonel, where are you?

Sam. Happy thought. I'll give it to the old girl.

Enter AUNT SADIE, R. U. E.

Aunt S. Colonel, Colonel, why don't you answer? Ah, Mr. Gilder, good afternoon. I am so very, very glad to see you. Excuse my coming so suddenly. I thought the Colonel——

Sam. You're perfectly welcome, fairest of the fair. Pardon my boldness. Just a thought, you know.

Aunt S. You are an arch flatterer, Mr. Gilder. No wonder we shy young things are afraid of you.

Sam. Yes, you young girls are likely to be timid. By the way, here is a note I just received for you.

Aunt S. For me! Whom is it from?

Sam. Open it and see. I hope it brings good news. (*Up C.*) Now for a regular old tip-top circus. [**Exit** C.]

Aunt S. For me? "To the lovely Sadie." Oh, the bold, bad man! How *dare* he address me thus? (*Opens letter.*) "Sweetest lovey dovey Sadie." Oh, the wretch! I'll not read another line. Indeed I won't. Still—perhaps I *ought* to. "Dearest Sadie:"—was that it? No—"Sweetest lovey dovey Sadie." He's not so bad after all. What else does he say? "The bounding billows of my enraptured heart all flow to thee." He's a *charming* man. "Become my popsy wopsy wife." To be sure I will—the sweet, dear, darling man! Who is he? Moses Margin—the New York banker. Become your wife? Oh, Moses, Moses, I will, I will. "Meet me at Culpepper's cottage at six o'clock." Yes, yes! I'll be there, you darling, you. Six o'clock! Why, it's past four now! I must hurry! (*Goes R.*) Brother! Brother! Order the carriage quick! It's a case of life and death! Oh, the *darling* man!

[*Kisses letter and exit*, R. I E.]

Enter SADIE, C.

Sad. Why, what's the matter with Aunt Sadie? If this isn't a lively day I never saw one. Well, let them go it. I'll wait for Sam.

[*Sits at table and reads.*]

Enter MOSES, C.

Moses. I wonder if I left my hat here? I'm sure I—hello! There's the young lady who thought I was a doctor. Wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to practise a little love-making with her before calling on Sadie. I'll try it. [*About to kiss her.*]

Sad. Murder! Fire! Thieves! [*Runs L.*]

Enter COL., R.; SAM, C.

Col. Here's that infernal preacher again.

Moses. Confound the luck!

Col. Get out, or I'll knock your head off.

Moses. Will you, though!

Sam. All ready for the first round!

Sad. Don't let them fight.

Moses. Come on, you old pirate!

Sam. Here now, if you want to fight go out doors!

[MOSES and COL. fight. SAM gets between them. They push him aside; then MOSES turns around stage, followed by COL., SAM, and SADIE. SAM finally gets between them, holding them off.]

CURTAIN.

[SECOND CURTAIN.—MOSES on knees to SADIE, R., who is shaking finger at him. SAM standing off COL., L. C.]

[THIRD CURTAIN.—SAM leads them up C. by ears. SADIE is off.]

ACT III.

Scene.—*Handsomely furnished room in fourth grooves. Doors C. and L. I E.*

AUNT SADIE at table, L. C., at rise, using powder.

Aunt S. Past five o'clock! In a little more than half an hour I shall launch my frail craft on the broad sea of matrimony. Oh, blissful thought! And yet I must not forget my maidenly coyness. Ah, me! How my timid little heart flutters! Sit still, little bird, sit still. The trying ordeal will soon be over. How—I—dread it! (*Quickly.*) Dear me, I wish it was six o'clock. Why *doesn't* he come. Supposing, after all, this should be one of that Sammy Gilder's jokes? He'd find it no joke; I'd marry him myself. (*Looks off, C.*) No—it's all right. Here comes my Moses now. (*Looks.*) No—it's only a horrid, old, old man in black. (*Comes down.*) Well, I'll make short work of *him*. [Sits, L.]

Enter MOSES, C., with valise.

Moses. Here on time. (*Looks at watch.*) In fact, a leetle ahead of time. So much the better. Now, if I could find a servant to show me a room. (*Sees AUNT S.*) There's one. "Oh, fairest of the rural maids——"

Aunt S. Thank you, but we don't want any.

Moses. Want any? Any what?

Aunt S. Any volumes of poetry. We never buy books on subscription. Therefore, Mr. Book Agent——

Moses. Book agent? I'm no book agent, madam.

Aunt S. No? Well, I've no cold victuals to-day.

Moses. Confound your cold victuals!

Aunt S. Sir! If that is the way you solicit alms, I imagine you have very little success.

Moses. Solicit alms? If you please, madam,—I'm no beggar.

Aunt S. (*aside*). Why, I never thought! It's the new coachman. My good man, I meant no offense. I suppose you called regarding the engagement?

Moses. Such was my purpose, madam.

Aunt S. My brother spoke of it.

Moses (*aside*). The old fool must have told all creation.

Aunt S. Now, sir, I suppose you are a careful man?

Moses. I have that reputation, I believe.

Aunt S. And you are not fast?

Moses. Fast?

Aunt S. I mean, fond of fast driving.

Moses (*smiling*). Well, with a good team I like to go like the deuce.

Aunt S. (*aside*). I don't like him a bit. (*Aloud.*) Well, sir, we should expect you to take good care of the horses—rub them down thoroughly, you know.

Moses. What! I, Moses Margin, rub down horses!

Aunt S. Moses Margin? Oh, what have I done!

[*Crosses.*

Moses. (*aside*). I wonder who I am, anyhow?

Aunt S. I am delighted to welcome you here, Mr. Margin.

Moses. Then, I was expected?

Aunt S. With the most restless impatience.

Moses. I am pleased to hear that. My letter, then, was received?

Aunt S. With the most excruciating delight. (*Aside.*) Why doesn't he kiss me? I wouldn't let him do it—but then he ought to try.

Moses. Why doesn't she bring in Sadie and introduce me?

Aunt S. Ah, you darling man, did you fear your suit would be rejected?

Moses. Oh, no. Quite the contrary I flatter myself. (*Aside.*) Darling man! Bah!

Aunt S. Six o'clock is the hour, I believe you said. How my timid heart palpitates.

Moses. Don't be alarmed, madam. You are perfectly safe. By the way, shall I not be allowed to press a fond lover's kiss upon my fair Sadie's rosy lips.

Aunt S. Oh! You take my breath away, you giddy, giddy man.

Moses (*aside*). Now, what the deuce is the matter with her?

Aunt S. But I suppose if you really insist, you might take a wee little bit of a one—but only one, mind you, only one!

Moses. I wonder if she has been drinking?

Aunt S. How bashful you are, you darling.

Moses. This old woman and I will have a row directly.

Aunt S. And—pardon my maidenly doubts—you will always be good to your Sadie?

Moses. Madam, I shall certainly be all that a kind and loving husband can be.

Aunt S. Of course, you will. And, now, would you like to retire to your room like a good boy to prepare for the blissful ceremony?

Moses. If you please.

[*Picks up valise.*]

Aunt S. Your room is all ready. It is the first one on the right. *Au revoir.* I—I— (*Runs to MOSES and kisses him.*) There! you dear, darling, bashful creature!

Moses. Madam! I'm astonished! There would have been plenty of time to salute the bridegroom after the ceremony, madam!

Aunt S. But I—I couldn't help it, and I really meant no offense.

Moses. I suppose not. I am not at all vain, but I know that very few of the gentler sex can resist my fascinating appearance. And I assure you that I appreciate the delightful moments which I have passed in your charming society. (*Bows, up C.*) The old hag! To dare to kiss me!

[*Exit, C.*]

Aunt S. Good-by, good-by, you darling! Oh, *isn't* he sweet! I must hurry now and prepare for this solemn, serious, delightful occasion! Um—m! Isn't it nice!

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter SAM, C., rather used up.

Sam. I've been getting married. But my wife didn't ruffle me up this way. It was another fellow. Been talking politics. He said my party wasn't any good. I said it was; he said it wasn't; I said it was; he called me a liar—but he'll never do so any more. He can't talk very well anyhow, until he gets some new teeth.

Enter SADIE, L. I E.

Sad. Well, of all things—ha! ha! ha!

Sam. Yes, that's right; call me a thing.

Sad. What have you been doing?

Sam. Fellow and I have been having some fun.

Sad. What about ?

Sam. About five minutes.

Sad. Well, you're a sight.

Sam. I suppose so. But say, you ought to see the other fellow.

Sad. Did you whip him ?

Sam. I never thought to ask. If he's come to yet, I'll inquire.

Sad. Never mind. Stay here and I'll straighten you out.

Sam. Straighten me out ? Say, I ain't crooked.

Sad. (*at table*). Come here and sit down.

Sam. Eh ?

Sad. Come here and sit down.

Sam. (*aside*). Husband and wife are one. I wonder if I'll be the one ?

Sad. Hurry up, Sam.

Sam. (*in chair*). Say, what are you going to do !

Sad. (*arranging his tie, etc.*). Fix you up so you won't look so bad. There. Now to touch your face up.

[*Applies powder.*]

Sam. You ought to make a good soldier.

Sad. Why ?

Sam. Because you're not afraid of powder. Here, go easy on that side. The fellow banged me there.

Sad. Poor Sammy ! There. Now you look all right. [R.]

Sam. Wouldn't know I'd been scrapping, eh ?

Sad. Not a bit. Now, Sam, you know—

Sam. Uh !

Sad. What's the matter ?

Sam. I thought I was going to sneeze.

Sad. Oh, bother. Now, Sam, the Colonel mustn't know we are married.

Sam. Of course not—j-just now.

Sad. So I've an idea.

Sam. Good gracious ! Whereabouts !

Sad. In my head—stupid. We'll fool the Colonel.

Sam. Yes, but there's no need—

Col. (*off C.*). Oh, the scoundrel !

Sad. Here he comes. Now remember—back me up in whatever I do.

[*Exit, L. I E.*]

Sam. That's cool,—and it makes me hot. Back her up ? Well, I suppose if I don't back her up, she will get her back up and then the deuce will be to pay.

Enter COL. *with letter*, C. D.

Col. (*takes stage*). So, I'm a thundering fool ; eh ? And a stupid jackass, am I ? Am I ? " And you can go to the devil ! "

Oh, I can, can I? Thunderation! I can't stand that. I know what I'll do. [Crosses.]

Sam. Wonder if he's been eating cucumbers?

Col. I'll hunt the fellow up, and when I meet him I'll pulverize him.

Sam. What seems to be the matter?

Col. Matter! Here—read this letter.

Sam. (*reads*). "Thundering fool!"

Col. Yes, sir!

Sam. "Stupid jackass."

Col. Yes, sir.

Sam. "Never marry your ward."

Col. Yes, sir! No, sir! Confound him.

Sam. That's a very annoying letter. It rather upsets your plans.

Col. It certainly does.

Sam. Then you ought to plan to upset him.

Col. Won't I though! I'll make him think he's been struck by an insane baseball club.

Sam. Yes. Well, as old Moses says he won't have her, that leaves her free to marry me.

Col. So you are determined to have her, eh?

Sam. My determination is like a rock—in fact a whole pile of rocks. And speaking of rocks—I hope you'll come down with plenty of them.

Col. Oh, you do! And supposing I say no?

Sam. In that case I shall be under the painful necessity of suing you for breach of promise. [Exit, L. I E.]

Col. Breach of promise! Well, I admire his nerve; I do (*SADIE screams off, L.; COLONEL, R. C.*) Hello, hello, what's going on in there?

Enter SADIE, L. I E., followed by SAM.

Sad. Colonel, Colonel, save me from that man.

Col. What's he doing?

Sad. (*cries*). He's pup-pup-persecuting me.

Col. What!

Sad. Yes, he is.

Sam. Oh, come now, I say——

Sad. (*aside to SAM*). 'Sh—keep still.

Col. What does this mean?

Sad. He persecutes me everywhere, he does. He follows me day and night, so he does!

Col. The young scoundrel!

[C.; SADIE, R.]

Sad. And he swears——

Sam. No, I don't swear. The worst I *ever* say is "damn."

Sad. You can't imagine what a bold, bad man he is.

Col. Um—he *does* look rather bad.

Sad. And he says if I don't marry him that he'll carry me off and hide me in a cave like a pi-pi-pirate king, so he does.

Col. Oh, he will, will he?

Sam. Now, what the deuce is she driving at!

Sad. But you won't let him, will you?

Col. Let him? Never, my dear.

Sad. Oh, thank you—for I would rather *die* than marry him.

Sam. Oh, say now——

Col. Shut up! And why so?

Sad. Because he's a fool. (*Crosses to SAM.*) Back me up now.

Col. Eh, eh? Hold on now—hold on. He's no fool.

Sad. Well, I'm sure he only made love to me to spite you.

(*COL. surprised.*) Back me up now, back me up.

Sam. Heh?

Sad. Back me up—don't be stupid.

Sam. Yes, I never intended to marry her.

Col. Why not, eh?

Sam. Because she toes in!

Sad. Oh?

Sam. And she chews gum. And eats onions and cabbage.

(*To SADIE.*) See?

Sad. You just wait.

Col. Well, you will marry her. Understand!

Sam. Are you positive about it?

Col. Yes, sir, I'm positive.

Sam. You swear to it?

Col. Yes, sir.

Sam. Well, I won't do it.

Col. Yes, you will.

Sam. Yes, I won't.

Col. Why not?

Sam. Because we're one already.

Col. Married, by Jupiter!

Sam. No, sir—by the dominie. And I've ordered a magnificent wedding dinner—at your expense of course.

Col. Talk about your cheek.

Sad. You'll give us your blessing, won't you, guardy?

Sam. And at the same time, just put in something solid in the way of a wedding present. A brown stone front on the Avenue, or a cottage at Newport. I'm not proud.

Col. Evidently not. You're about as modest a specimen of humanity as I ever saw.

Sam. You overpower me. I really believe I'm blushing.

Col. Um—you'll survive it. [*Goes, R*

Enter AUNT S., C.; *takes stage.*

Sad. Oh, Sam, look at that !

Sam. She's got her war paint on.

Col. Good heavens, sister, have you gone crazy ?

Aunt S. Crazy ? No, indeed ! Why do you all stare at me as if I were a museum freak.

Sad. But that outlandish costume.

Aunt S. Outlandish, Miss ? And pray how would you dress if you were going to be—be—be——

Sam. For heaven's sake what ?

Aunt S. (*bashfully*). Why, you know I'm going to be—be—you see—(*laughs*) to be married.

Sam. Married !

Aunt S. To be sure. Is there anything so very remarkable about that ? Young girls have been married before this, I believe.

Sam. I'll bet she's roped in old Margin.

Col. (*aside*). Married !

Sam. And who is the victim ?

Aunt S. Victim ?

Sad. He means the happy groom.

Aunt S. Oh, brother, he's such a nice young man, such a handsome, sweet, lovely, darling *duck* of a man. And he will be right here all ready for the blissful ceremony at six o'clock precisely.

[*Clock strikes six.*]

Enter MOSES, C.

Aunt S. He is here.

[R. C.]

Col. There's that confounded preacher again.

Sam. Now for an explosion.

Col. You scoundrel ! How *dare* you insult us with your vile presence !

Sam (*to* MOSES). Give it to him !

Moses. And you, sir ! How *dare* you thus address a man of my standing ?

Col. Your standing indeed ! Get out now, get out, or I'll break every bone in your body.

Aunt S. Brother, stop ! How dare you assault this dear man.

Col. Dear fiddlestick. What is he to you ?

Aunt S. To me ? Everything. My word, my life, my light. The man I am to marry.

Sam. Now for a cyclone !

Moses. Marry you, madam ? *You* ? Well, I should say not.

Aunt S. Didn't you say your love for me was like a blazing volcano ? Did you not implore me to quench the raging fires ?

Sam. Of course he did.

Aunt S. Yes, sir. And you asked me to meet you here at six o'clock, where I would find a gug-gushing heart ready to marry me. (*Angrily.*) Deny it if you dare, Moses Margin!

Col. Moses Margin! Are *you* Moses Margin!

Moses. Yes, sir, I'm Moses Margin, as you will discover to your cost.

Col. And you call me a blockhead, do you?

Moses. Yes, I do—a thundering blockhead.

Col. Oh, let me get at you!

Sam. Now stand up to him.

Aunt S. Brother, stop, I command you!

Col. (*produces letter*). What did you mean by writing me this infernally impudent note, sir?

Moses (*same biz*). And what did you mean by this letter calling me a fortune-hunter, sir?

Col. I never sent you that letter.

Moses. You lie, sir.

Aunt S. And what do you mean by this letter?

[*All shake letters, crying, "Yes sir, No sir," etc.*]

Sam. Hooray! It's a regular chicken fight.

Aunt S. Oh, oh! You'll break my heart. [*Sits; weeps.*]

Sam. Ain't you ashamed of yourself—making that poor young thing cry!

Col. Look here, sir. I never sent you that letter.

Moses. You didn't?

Col. No, sir. I sent it to the young man standing yonder.

Moses. Why, you wretched old falsifier, that young man gave me the letter himself.

Col. Oh, he did, eh?

Moses. Yes, sir. And he induced me to send you that reply.

Sad. Now, Sam!

Col. Ah, now I begin to see.

Sam. I expect I'll see directly.

Col. The fact is, sir, we've both been duped by that confounded trickster.

Moses. The young reprobate! I'll break his head.

Sad. (*interposing*). Oh, no, you won't.

Sam. No, I guess you better not.

Col. And you really intended to marry that young lady?

Moses. Certainly. I'll marry her now.

Sam. Well, I guess not.

Col. You're too late, sir. She married that young rascal a short time ago.

Moses. Indeed? Then I've been made a fool of, thanks to your blundering. Very well, I'll return to New York and forget this episode as quickly as possible.

Aunt S. (*springs up*). Stop, sir.

Sam. The Goddess of Liberty has broke loose.

Moses. Well, madam, what is it?

Aunt S. I want a few words with you.

Moses. I'm all out of words; besides, I've no time to spare.

Aunt S. You'd better take time.

Sam. Now for trouble.

Moses (*to SAM*). What shall I do?

Sam. You'd better pacify the old girl. She looks bad in the eye. Here, give her three minutes, and I'll time you.

Moses. All right.

Aunt S. You are going away? (**MOSES** *nods*.) To leave me forever? (*Nod*.) And never coming back?

Sam. Ten seconds gone.

Aunt S. But—you—are—not—gone. (*Nods head over fore-going words*.) And what is more, you are *not* going one single solitary step until you have fulfilled your sacred solemn promise.

Moses. I made none.

Sam. Half a minute!

Aunt S. Yes, you did, Moses Margin, and I have it right here in black and white. Oh, Moses, to think of building my hopes up. (**SAM** *points, followed by MOSES*.) Only to dash them down. (*Sound business*.) To win my young, innocent, trusting heart, only to cast it out into the cold pitiless world.

Sam. Ain't you ashamed of yourself! Time's up.

Moses. Good-day. [*Starts up c.*]

Aunt S. Stop! If you leave me thus, Moses Margin, I'll follow you to New York and sue you for breach of promise in the presence of the whole Stock Exchange.

Sam. Now you see what comes from writing love letters.

Moses. Surely, madam, you cannot mean it.

Aunt S. I mean every word of it. (*Down, L. C.*)

Moses. I believe she does. (*Runs to SAM*.) My dear young man—can't you do something to move her from her fool purpose?

Sam. Move her? I might as well try to move the Rocky Mountains.

Moses. I'm in for it.

Sam. Say, she's not so bad after all. She's a quarter of a million in her own right.

Moses. Is that so?

Sam. Fact. And you must admit that she's rather good-looking.

Moses. Yes.

Sam. Another thing—she was only twenty-nine in July. (*Aside*.) Thirty years ago.

Moses. Is that straight?

Sam. Dead straight.

Moses. By Jove, it's a go.

[*Approaches AUNT S.*

Sam. Poor devil!

Col. (*shakes SAM'S hand*). My boy, you're a brick! You shall have the brown stone front. [*MOSES speaks to AUNT S.*

Sad. And the cottage at Newport?

Col. Yes, two of 'em. It's worth it to get rid of her.

Moses. "Oh, fairest of the rural maids, thy home is in the forest glades——"

Aunt S. Never mind the poetry, I am yours, Moses, yours. [*Embraces him.*

Sam. Then we'll all join in the chorus!

[*Chorus "Bowery Grenadiers." Up and down stage twice. On second time down.*

CURTAIN.

L. MOSES. AUNT S. SAM. SADIE. COLONEL. R.

A NEW FARCE COMEDY.

THE WIDOW FROM THE WEST.

A FARCE COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By HILTON COON.

Five male, three female characters. Scene, an easy interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern and eccentric. This piece, which was successfully presented for a season by the Don C. Hall Comedy Company, touring the Western States, is a farce comedy of the irresponsible school founded by Mr. Hoyt. Depending largely for its fun upon the contributions of individual humor of its players, it reciprocates by supplying a strong, if loosely woven, fabric of plot which can be embroidered with "specialties" to any extent. Plot is not usually a strong point in such pieces, but "The Late Mrs. Early," as it has also been called, provides quite enough to carry the interest of the performance successfully. The piece has plenty of incident and "business," and room for much more, and its characters provide an excellent basis for clever comedians to build "hits" upon. Not recommended for schools or church performance, as it is essentially theatrical in character.

Price 15 Cents,

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—The Weeping Willow Hotel. Indis Guys, the detective. Back from Klondike. "After the ball." The old maid's visit. A clever scheme. The Widow from the West. "If I was n't a married man." The rivals. A telegram. Sick abed. Angelina arrives.

ACT II.—The two nurses. Sassafras tea. The bell-boy. Touched for two hundred. "Charge it in the bill." The red silk stocking. The detective again. "No one has ever seen my face." A noted criminal. Touched again. "Discharging" the boarders. "Ephesus, you have deceived me." Angelina defied.

ACT III.—"One-eyed Eddie." The French maid. The widow and the detective. Knit vs Nit. "O Dusty! this is so sudden." A clock in a fit. The haunted house. Touched again. More fits. "Just like a man's beard." Caught at last. The telegram. "What's the diff—I've got on pants?" Angelina abolished.

AN ENGAGING POSITION.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

By LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE.

Three male, three female characters. A briskly and humorously written little comedy, with an ingenious plot, full of ludicrous situations. A society piece, admirably adapted for amateur performance, and calling for pretty though not elaborate stage settings, and handsome modern costuming, morning and evening dress. Its story concerns a young society man, who, by a series of mistakes, becomes engaged to three young ladies at one time—a somewhat trying and difficult position, the solution of which is ingeniously accomplished with most amusing results. An excellent piece, and a sure hit in the proper hands.

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NEW PLAYS.

New Hampshire Gold.

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

By KATHERINE E. RAND.

Eight male, six female characters. Scenery easily arranged; costumes, modern. An excellent piece, interesting in story, and full of shrewd and humorous character. It has a strong melodramatic interest, but its general atmosphere is homely and domestic, placing it in the class of plays to which "The Old Homestead" belongs. It provides some capital parts, both serious and humorous, and is well suited for the simplest conditions under which amateur theatricals are given. Printed from an acting copy which has been successfully performed. Plays two hours.

Price, 15 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. At the Gerrishes. The thirst of gold. "A poor fool." David and Daisy. Lessons in flirtation. The laziest man on the farm. Putting out the fire. The landslide. The speculator from Boston. An old fox. The gold mine. "I'm determined to marry a very rich man." The partnership. David's refusal.

ACT II. The mortgage. Christie's misgivings. Salting the mine. The lost letter. "The Boston feller." Mandy's paper dolly. A clue. To the mine. "Whatever it is, Christie Gerrish is gom' to be in it." Caught in the act. Dissembling. The speculator's revenge. Daisy's interrupted vow. The awful tidings. Daisy true gold. "I don't care if it's ten thousand nights; let me go, mother, let me go!"

ACT III. The dead speculator. The convalescent. "As cross as two sticks." A lost memory. Jack and Daisy. A misunderstanding. The Colonel's daughter. "That letter." Gid and Bijah. A thunderstorm, which clears the air. The crisis. David's sacrifice. "I've never been able to remember anything about it." The mortgage. The debt paid. "I am the richest man in the world."

A Tell-Tale Eyebrow.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

By ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

Author of "A RICE PUDDING," "A MODEL LOVER," ETC.

Two male, four female characters. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes, modern and elegant. A very pretty and graceful little piece of healthy sentiment and refined humor, perfectly adapted for amateur performers and appealing to the best taste in such matters. In story and treatment alike, this latest piece is agreeably characteristic of the author of "A Rice Pudding," and can hardly fail to please the taste to which that popular piece so successfully appealed. Plays an hour and a quarter.

Price, 15 Cents.

NEW ENTERTAINMENTS.

BLIGHTED BUDS.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By JULIA DE W. ADDISON,

Author of "A FALSE NOTE," "UNDER A SPELL," ETC.

Four male and four female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, a garden. An excellent farce of the more refined type, full of fun, but never broad or boisterous in its humor. John Smith, an enterprising drummer, Prof. Palman, a timid scientist, Pat and Katy, Irish servants, and Drusilla Durham, a sentimental spinster, are all capital parts. Strongly recommended.

Price 15 cents.

The Grand Baby Show.

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SISTERS OF MERCY,

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For one boy and from ten to twenty-five little girls. This is a platform entertainment, no scenery being necessary, and the costumes are very easily arranged. The idea and action of the piece are sufficiently indicated by its title. It was highly successful in its original performance by the Sisters of Mercy, Meriden, Conn., and is recommended on this ground as well as for the novelty of the idea. It is presented partly in dialogue, but largely in choruses, and the original music, complete, accompanies the songs. A very pretty march is an effective incident of the piece. An excellent children's entertainment.

Price 15 cents.

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A FARCICAL SKETCH.

With One Act, One Scene and One Purpose.

By GEORGE RUGG,

One male and three female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, very simple. This is a bright and up-to-date little skit upon a very old subject that never ceases to be entertaining. "The New Woman" is put through a few modern paces with amusing results. Plays only fifteen minutes.

Pri , 15 cents.

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A series of entertainments for parlor or hall by MARY B. HORNE, author of "THE BOOK OF DRILLS," Parts I and II; "THE PEAK SISTERS," "PROF. BAXTER'S GREAT INVENTION," ETC.

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A PAIR OF LUNATICS.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN ONE SCENE.

By W. R. WALKES.

For one lady and one gentleman. A clever and amusing little piece, suitable for stage or platform. Requires no scenery, and plays about twenty minutes.

Price, 15 Cents.

A NEW CUBAN PLAY.

THE ROUGH RIDER.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

By BERNARD F. MOORE.

Seven male, two female characters. Costumes modern and military; scenery easy but effective. This piece, reflecting as it does the current patriotic sentiment and dealing with the scenes and incidents of the late war, is likely to be very popular with amateur clubs this season. The attempt has been made in it to construct an effective play, providing stirring pictures and situations, inspiring patriotic sentiment, and recalling familiar incidents of the war, without the use of supernumeraries or the need of elaborate scenery or properties. Better plays, no doubt, can be written, but better plays for the use of amateurs, bearing in mind their artistic limitations and the difficulties offered by elaborate scenery and groupings, are not often to be had. A small cast, strongly marked characters, Negro and Irish comely parts, rapid movement and strong lines unite to recommend this piece, which plays about two hours.

Price 15 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—War clouds. The new overseer. Father and son. The blowing-up of the "Maine." A glimpse into the past. A scheme of revenge. An Irishman's courtship. Nigger vs. Irish. A serious question. A declaration of love and another of war. The call for volunteers. "Take that, you Spanish dog!" The first blow for the freedom of Cuba.

ACT II.—Sergeant Rafferty. The Rough Riders. A'ma in danger. The Cuban spy. A letter. Sam and Dennis. "Chickens, or I'm a liar!" A meeting. News from Manila. Traitors in camp. Danger. The poisoned water. The abduction. "We'll save him or die in the attempt!"

ACT III.—In a Spanish prison. A black angel. Explanations. Planning an escape. The villain shows his hand. A forced marriage. "Remember! a Spaniard never forgets." The Cuban spy again. The bombardment of Santiago. Laying low. The marriage ceremony. The tables turned. "There's one blow for the Stars and Stripes." The fall of Santiago.

ACT IV.—Peace once more. A mysterious stranger. Suspensions. The Spanish kidnapper. Señor Rafferty's proposal. A colored "best man." The broken dishes. Throwing off the mask. "I am no servant." In the nick of time. Rescued. A cowardly trick. "Pedro, you have saved my life."

AN OPEN SECRET.

A FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

By MARION D. CAMPBELL.

As originally presented by the Emmanuel Club, Radcliffe College, Cambridge. Ten female characters. Costumes, outing dresses; scene, a college room. A particularly bright and vivacious little glimpse of college life, presenting a particularly humorous and characteristic story with much vigor and skill. A brand new plot in a piece for female characters only is something of a rarity, but the author has hit upon something absolutely novel in this piece, and full of incidental humor and interest. Strongly recommended.

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THE BOHEMIANS.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By E. J. COWLEY.

Eight male and four female characters. Costumes, modern ; scenery, easy, an interior and an exterior—not elaborate. This is a piece in an attractive, light-comedy vein with a strong sympathetic interest and great dramatic strength. Its scenes and characters strongly suggest those of "Trilby," which, however, it resembles only in that it concerns itself also with art and artists. Jack Brandt is an admirable heroic part ; Madge, a strong lead ; Bertie Follet and Blanche, very "up-to-date" light comedy ; Dale, Smiley and Freddy Sproul, a good group. Noel (heavy) and Mrs. Van Slick (character) both good. A strong piece for a good company, in its unusual combination of lightness and strength. Plays a full evening.

Price . . . 15 cents.

Synopsis.

ACT I.—Poverty. Jack's studio. Freddie's flowers. The Bohemians. Mirth and music. Jack and Noel. The busy bee. A windfall. The pangs of poverty. "The dream of my life." Madge's love affair. An advance agent. The dawn of prosperity. "The noble stranger." Jack's sacrifice. The legacy. Luck at last.

ACT II.—Riches. A little cloud. "That horrid pipe." Mrs. Van Slick and the Major. An up-to-date engagement. The deceived dude. A cooling heart. Madge, the tom-boy. The Major's advice. Madge's discovery. "Forgive me, Jack ; I might have known." The Bohemians again. Noel drops the mask. "I am the master here." Jack's dog. Disowned. Jack's word. "From this moment we are strangers."

ACT III.—Poverty again. The studio. Freddie and his sixteen-pounder. Back to the old home. Madge's surprise. Jack's reward. Noel's claim. "The past is at an end." "Take me, Jack, for it is you I love." The Bohemians once more. "Blessed are the poor."

ROONEY'S RESTAURANT.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By F. E. HILAND,

Author of "THE OLD COUNTRY STORE," "A TOWN MEETING,"
"CARELESS CUPID," "CAPTAIN SWELL," ETC.

Four male and two female characters. Scene, a plain room ; costumes, modern and eccentric. An admirable farce, thoroughly American and modern in its humor. An Irishman, a Western desperado, a dude and an old maid are mingled in a side-splitting fabric of fun lasting twenty minutes. This piece is strongly recommended to those who want good broad humor and lots of it. It is not a school or parlor piece.

Price . . . 15 cents.

NEW PLAYS.

A RIVAL BY REQUEST.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By B. L. C. GRIFFITH.

Author of "A BACHELOR'S DIVORCE."

Six male and five female characters. Costumes, modern and appropriate; scenery, two interiors. This is a comedy with an exceptionally well-constructed and interesting plot, abundant incident, and an unusual variety of character and humor. Its misunderstandings are ingenious and unforced and extremely laughable, and Pierson's confusion of Lord Anthony McMullin and Alexander Muggins, a source of unfailing mirth. In its well-marked contrasts and uniformly strong character it offers a peculiarly advantageous vehicle for the talent of a good amateur club. Plays two hours and a half without a dull moment. The dialogue is particularly rapid and brilliant.

Price 15 cents.

Synopsis.

ACT I. — Pierson and the cornet. Getting out of an engagement. The Briggs family. Smythe's English valet. On the move. Muggins. The lord or the lackey. Briggs and the bargain counter. Lord McMullin. A sad mistake. Love at first sight. The new boarders. The plot thickens. A crisis. Engaged to two women at once. Bad for Pierson.

ACT II. — Cutting the knot. A useless servant. A lord for a lover. More misunderstandings. Briggs' nightmare. Nobody's fool. The ladies combine. Husbands on strike. Defiance. Briggs and the ballet. A three-cornered row. Pierson explains. The two McMullins. Revelations. A broken engagement. Another. Worse for Pierson.

ACT III. — Pierson in a plight. The two B's on a bat. "It's our wives' fault." An artful stratagem. The telegram. A plot that didn't work. Fixing it up. Muggins on thin ice. The two fiancées. Smythe's return. McMullin's restoration to the nobility. Worst for Pierson. Explanations. A show of hands. Pairing off. Muggins goes back to private life. The band plays "Annie Laurie."

THE REVOLVING WEDGE.

A FOOTBALL ROMANCE IN ONE ACT.

By THORNTON M. WARE and GEORGE P. BAKER.

Five male and three female characters. Costumes and scenery very simple. A capital farce, particularly adapted for Thanksgiving Day performances. Its excellent and original plot cleverly utilizes the universal mania for football, and builds up from this foundation an admirable progression of incidents leading to a most laughable conclusion. Its method will at once suggest that of the popular "Obstinate Family," and it can be safely recommended to any one who has liked that piece. Plays nearly an hour.

Price 15 cents.

NEW PLAYS.

QUITS.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

By **ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.**

Two male and three female characters. Costumes, modern ; scene, an easy interior. This is a "college" play, the scene being laid at White Elms Seminary, and the story a brisk account of what might easily have happened there between a couple of larky Harvard seniors and their sweethearts, while trying to outwit the stern old Griffin of the establishment. Full of movement, vivacity and interest. Perfectly easy to play and full of entertainment. Adapted to parlor or hall. Plays forty-five minutes.

Price 15 cents.

CAPTAIN SWELL.

A NEGRO FARCE IN TWO SCENES.

By **F. E. HILAND.**

Author of "A TOWN MEETING," "ROONEY'S RESTAURANT," ETC.

Five male and two female characters. Scenes, a street and an interior. Costumes, eccentric. A very funny piece with lots of character and incident, illustrating a phase of the struggle between "capital and labor." Sambo, Swell's servant, is a capital low-comedy part ; Dusty and Seedy, two "bums," are good bits, and Swell, his wife, daughter and her dude lover, a good comedy group. Plays fifteen minutes.

Price 15 cents.

CARELESS CUPID.

A NEGRO FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By **F. E. HILAND.**

Author of "THE OLD COUNTRY STORE," "THE LADY LAWYER," ETC.

Three male and two female characters. Scene, a plain interior ; costumes, eccentric. This is an amusing piece, full of "business" and comic incident. It can be played with white faces and one negro low-comedy character (Cupid), or all black faces, as preferred. Plays twenty minutes.

Price 15 cents.

A NEW COMEDY.

A GILDED YOUTH.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By CHARLES TOWNSEND.

Originally produced under the title of "Moses." Three male, two female characters. Scenery, three easy interiors; costumes, modern. This piece, originally produced by the author and employed by him for several seasons as part of his repertoire, provides for a full evening's entertainment and yet calls for but five characters. It is unique in this particular, and meets a want often felt by small professional companies as well as by amateurs. It naturally follows that every part is an important one, since so few people are required to carry the interest of the piece, which is second to none of the author's extensive list, and possesses to the full those qualities of briskness, bustle, wit, humor, and "go" which constitute his professional trademark. Its story is necessarily a slender one, but it is complicated with an unusual wealth of humorous incident and ludicrous situation, and its action never flags for an instant. An "all star" comedy for low comedian, "touch and go" light comedian, old man, old maid, and sourette. Strongly recommended.

Price 25 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Time, a midsummer afternoon. Long Branch. A romantic maiden. The Colonel gets news. Sam and Sadie. The pitcher of milk and the tale of a cat. Aunt Sadie's "nerves." Moses! A case of mix. Sam gains a promise. Trouble threatened. Trouble comes. A grand smash.

ACT II.—Five minutes later. Sam's letter. Law and love. Sadie's suggestions. The "Slugger." Sam on his muscle. Moses and the Colonel. More mistakes. "Settled out of court." The broken promise. Moses a wreck. "I want revenge." A joint-stock love-letter. Sam's device. Aunt Sadie sees a chance at last. Sam reads the Riot Act. Comical climax.

ACT III.—An hour later. At the Colonel's. Aunt Sadie grows impatient. Moses more mystified. Sam talks politics with the usual result. The Colonel on the warpath. Sadie's scheme. "Back me up now." The storm approaches. A cyclone—of fun. Sam's triumph. "After the storm, a calm."

A NOVELTY IN ENTERTAINMENTS.

APOLLO'S ORACLE.

By ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

An entertainment in one act. This novel entertainment is admirably adapted for summer theatricals at hotels or country-houses, not only because it requires no scenery and calls for Greek costumes only, which are easily arranged, but because its fun depends as much upon the audience as upon the actors. Two ladies and one boy are required for its representation, and any number of girls for chorus. Complete with music.

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THE MAN IN THE CASE.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By WINTHROP PACKARD.

Six female characters. Costumes, modern; scenes, two interiors. Another good answer to the old question, "How can we get up a play without any men?" This piece provides a story of considerable interest and dramatic strength, and even a mild love-interest, without the employment of any male characters. Its humor is refined, its dialogue bright, and its plot absolutely new and unlike other pieces of this sort. Written for and originally produced by the Emmanuel Club, of Radcliffe College, it is naturally well suited for performance in similar institutions. Madame Bogusky, an esoteric Buddhist, Alice Roquet, a translation into the French, and Gladys, a Radcliffe Senior, are excellent parts.

Price 25 cents.

Synopsis.

ACT I. — Aline, the French-Irish maid. A new phrase — "wirrasthrue!" The love-lorn maid. "Her Jack." Consulting the Mahatmas. Two Radcliffe seniors. Common sense *vs.* Theosophy. A girl's remedy. Madame Bogusky and the cosmic cycles. Another Jack. "Everybody's Jack." JACKS ARE TRUMPS.

ACT II. — The ladies' department. A messenger from India. More about Jack. Going to Harvard. Cap and gown. "The ghost-letter." A great (astral) light breaks upon Mrs. Montessor. Following suit. "Thim fancy shrouds." JACKS ARE TRUMPED.

ACT III. — Radcliffe dormitory. A college girl's room. A strange man. Aline's arrival. The power of the Mahatmas. An elopement. "A pad for red ink." Fumigation. Ominous "signs." The search. "The real Mr. Williams." Explanations. JACK TAKES THE TRICK.

COUSIN FRANK.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS,

Author of "A FINISHED COQUETTE," "WOONG A WIDOW," ETC.

Five female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior, or none at all. A bright little piece, treating the old problem of "An Adamless Eden" in a new way. It has an entertaining story and bright and vivacious dialogue, which cannot fail to give twenty minutes of pleasure in parlor or hall.

Price 15 cents.

A NEW CUBAN PLAY.

IN THE TRENCHES.

A DRAMA OF THE CUBAN WAR IN THREE ACTS.

By ABEL SEAMAN.

Eight male, three female characters. Costumes modern and military; scenery not difficult. An exceptionally strong and well-constructed melodrama, full of powerful situations and humorous incidents, which has been successful in professional hands. Its story is full of interest, and is told by a well-selected and contrasted group of characters, including Hebrew, Irish and Negro comedy rôles. The second act is laid in the trenches before Santiago, and gives opportunity for military display if desired. Its action is very spirited, its climax strikingly heroic and its appeal to patriotic sentiment overwhelming. Strongly recommended.

Price 15 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—A strange will. War with Spain. The Colonel's history. Paul Davis' pride. The sealed packet. An honest man. A sad experience. A brave bargain. The dawn of love. Is he a coward? Held in trust. Financial agent. A brother's wrong. The seat of war. For love or money. Nadina's sacrifice. Passion's penalty. A man's independence. Strange disclosures. Rejected by the rose. The march to the front. Beggar'd in pocket and bankrupt in love. With flying colors. A heart of gold. The roll of the drum. Away to the war. Facing the foe.

ACT II.—In the trenches. Why he 'listed. An Irishman's philosophy. For valor. Unconscious of danger. The sergeant's hut. On the slopes of Santiago. The Colonel's prejudice. Risen from the ranks. A half-dead Spaniard. Letters from home. Strange news. A cruel insult. The plot of ruin. Spies in the camp. A token of love. For himself alone. Nadina's truth. Under arms. Ringing the changes. Doomed to dishonor. Cruel to be kind. Husband and wife. The envelope and the seal. Sent to the front. The Spanish colors. The forlorn hope. A soldier's death. Food for powder.

ACT III.—In Santiago. The two papers. A rogue's quarrel. A deserted wife. Green's luck. The sacred truth. A blameless life. Brought to the test. Mother and child. A man to love. For her sake. Nadina's sacrifice. The love of the lion. The eagle spreads his wings. Testing the metal. Struck to the core. The spider's web. Joy does not kill. Forget and forgive. After many years. The stolen proof. Hoist with his own petard. Spanish treachery. Biting the dust. True to himself. Bowled out.

Rubber Boots.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By MANLEY H. PIKE.

One male, three female characters. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes modern. This is a most ingeniously imagined and cleverly written little piece, admirably suited for amateur performance. Its theme is the encounter of three young ladies with a tramp, and it provides twenty minutes of delightfully humorous incident and dialogue. The tramp is a "dumb" character, his part being wholly in pantomime, but remarkably effective. Very strongly recommended.

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NEW PLAYS.

OUR JIM.

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS.

By **EGBERT W. FOWLER.**

Author of "A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT."

Seven male, four female characters. Costumes, modern and military; scenery, not difficult. Another of the popular class of strictly American comedy-dramas of which Mr. James A. Hearne's "Shore Acres" is an admirable type. Especially strong in its fidelity to rustic life and character, but of commanding melodramatic interest. Its humor is good and abundant, its sentiment wholesome, and its tone unexceptionable. It is printed from an acting copy, and possesses the terseness and vigor in performance that are bound to characterize a working manuscript. Plays two hours and a half.

Price, 15 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. "My Country, 'tis of thee." Hunting eggs. A sad pickle. The dance in the old barn. The donation. The Deacon's speech. Jim and Grace. A position of trust. The wayward son. The robbery. The innocent victim. "Give me until to-morrow — for her sake." A REPRIEVE.

ACT II. "The Girl I left behind me." Making butter and making love. Bob and Bess. High kicking. "A new exercise in the public schools." The Major and the Mexican war. A confession. "Father, you do not doubt me!" The accusation. Uncle John's sacrifice. The passing regiment. "God bring you back to us when your duty is done." OFF TO THE WAR.

ACT III. "From Atlanta to the Sea." Debby and the Major. Personalities. Letters from the front. "Our Jim a Captain!" The birthday party. A thunderbolt. "Mortally wounded." THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH.

ACT IV. "When Johnny comes marching Home." Hope deferred. Bad news. The invalid. "She must not know." Deacon Tidd and the mortgage. "One, two, three, git!" The Major to the rescue. A disappointed old maid. The newspaper. The dark hour before the dawn. The dead alive. A prodigal son. THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

THE MAN WHO WENT TO EUROPE.

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT.

By **CLARA J. DENTON.**

Author of "A CHANGE OF COLOR," "TO MEET MR. THOMPSON," ETC.

Three male, two female characters, and a small boy. A good-natured hit at a very common human weakness; very slight, but amusing. Plays fifteen minutes.

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A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Twelve male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. The merits of this excellent and amusing piece, one of the most popular of its author's plays, are well attested by long and repeated runs in the principal American theatres. It is of the highest class of dramatic writing, and is uproariously funny, and at the same time unexceptionable in tone. Its entire suitability for amateur performance has been shown by hundreds of such productions from manuscript during the past three years. Plays two hours and a half. (1892.)

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH.

A Drama in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and five female characters; scenery, all interiors. This is a "problem" play continuing the series to which "The Profligate," and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" belong, and while strongly dramatic, and intensely interesting is not suited for amateur performance. It is recommended for Reading Clubs. (1895.)

THE PROFLIGATE.

A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and five female characters. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. This is a piece of serious interest, powerfully dramatic in movement, and tragic in its event. An admirable play, but not suited for amateur performance. (1892.)

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Nine male, seven female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors, easily arranged. This ingenious and laughable farce was played by Miss Rosina Vokes during her last season in America with great success. Its plot is amusing, its action rapid and full of incident, its dialogue brilliant, and its scheme of character especially rich in quaint and humorous types. The Hon. Vere Queckett and Peggy are especially strong. The piece is in all respects suitable for amateurs. (1894.)

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.

A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and five female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. This well-known and powerful play is not well suited for amateur performance. It is offered to Mr. Pinero's admirers among the reading public in answer to the demand which its wide discussion as an acted play has created. (1894.)

Also in Cloth, \$1.00.

SWEET LAVENDER.

A Comedy in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and four female characters. Scene, a single interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern and fashionable. This well known and popular piece is admirably suited to amateur players, by whom it has been often given during the last few years. Its story is strongly sympathetic, and its comedy interest abundant and strong. (1893.)

THE TIMES.

A Comedy in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Six male and seven female characters. Scene, a single elegant interior; costumes, modern and fashionable. An entertaining piece, of strong dramatic interest and admirable satirical humor. (1892.)

THE WEAKER SEX.

A Comedy in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, not difficult. This very amusing comedy was a popular feature of the repertoire of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in this country. It presents a plot of strong dramatic interest, and its incidental satire of "Woman's Rights" employs some admirably humorous characters; and inspires many very clever lines. Its leading characters are unusually even in strength and prominence, which makes it a very satisfactory piece for amateurs. (1894.)

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